food. They pre-empt your shoes at night and the garments you are wearing by day: and if they do not take bodily possession of you, whole colonies of them settling down comfortably in your hair, ears, nostrils, NOT GOOD FOR A MAN TO BE SET ON while you are catching "forty winks" of roubled slumber in intervals of the eternal warfare, you are exceptionally fortunate. Even Eden had its serpent, you know; and doubtless a more advanced state of civilization here will evolve some means of diminishing the plague of vermin. Expenses at this resort are very moderate. The best hotel charges \$2.25 a day, American money, for its choicest accommodations. Saddle horses may be hired at \$1.50 per diem, and carriages at proportionate rates. There are many charming walks and drives in the neighboring hills and interesting all-day excursions may be made to the sugar estates and pineapple plantations. The natives of Isla de Pinos seem to be simple, kindhearted folk, who find their greatest pleasure in chatting with strangers and listening to accounts of the outer world. To them, all beyond the horizon's rim, or, at most, beyond the limits of Cuba, is a terra incognita, of more than Munchausen wonders. The young children go about entirely naked and the universal innocence, combined with the utmost dignity and punctitious courtesy, is charming to behold.

SMALL POPULATION. Nueva Gerona, on the River Casas, backed by green hills and fronted by an emerald plain dotted with royal palms, is delightfully situated and beautiful to behold from a distance, either approached by sea or by the excellent natural road to Santa Fe. But it is another illustration of "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view." Though the calital of the island and the seat of what little government there is, its population has never exceeded three hundred. not including the Spanish garrison, which in times past helped to make some thirdrate gayety. It is a healthy place, however, all the water used coming from a magnesium spring, said to be very beneficial in cases of stomach trouble. Baths have been built, into which water from the spring is conducted. The barracks occupy an open plateau, just outside the town limits, and are large stone buildings with interior courts, capable of accommodating three hundred soldiers. Nueva Gerona was the birthplace of Evangelina Cisneros, the Cuban heroine so much talked of last year in the United States, and here her life was spent until the age of nineteen, when the persecutions of a would-be Spanish lover sent her to the dreadful Recoajdas prison knows, she was subsequently rescued by an American journalist, assisted by several young Cubans. Among the latter was Carlos Carbonell, a wealthy bachelor banker, damsel was conducted from prison, and he drove it direct to his own house, in a crowded quarter of the city, right under the nose of the Spanish officials. There the fair Evangelina remained several days, until the time came for her to board an American steamer, disguised as a boy. Everybody knows the rest. The pretty romance ended (or ought we to say it began?) in her marriage to Senor Carbonell some months later, from the house of Mrs. John A. Logan, in Washington, D. C., and now Mr. and Mrs. Carbonell, at home in Havana, are the proud parents of a bouncing boy, who was lately christened "Fitzhugh Lee." The Cisneros family, though eminently respectable, was poor and obscure; therefore, in Cuba, the alliance of the daughter with an aristocrat is considered a long step upward for the young lady.

THE NATURAL RESOURCES.

The natural resources of the Isle of Pines are just now attracting considerable attention, and not long ago our assistant secretary of war made public a voluminous report concerning them from Colonel Bliss, the United States collector of customs at Havana. The soil is extremely fertile, but only a small portion of the island is under cultivation. A few of the green valleys are used as cattle ranges. Tobacco and sugar are grown to a limited extent and pineapples are perhaps the staple product. There has been some trade in woods-mahogany, pine and cedar-and might be a great deal more. Spirits of turpentine, pitch, tar, sulphur, tortoise shells and crystals are also among the possible exports. Silver, quicksilver and iron exist in the hills, and the marble quarries are practically exhaustless. The mountain ranges that cross the island in several directions are almost entirely composed of beautiful marbles of every variety known and in all the colors of the rainbow, piled as by art in contrasting strata, varying from black, brown and gray to palest tints of pink, blue Los Cristalas is even more curious, its steep sides being literally coated with rock crystal of exquisite sea green tint. Though none of these mountains is of great height, all are very wild and impressive, with dark ravines and sheer precipices, some of them two hundred feet in height. Half a century va Gerona were extensively worked, ware kettle. The peaches should be halved well. But for some unknown reason the Spanish government looked on it with disfavor, and in order to kill the business levied such an outrageous tax on the sand used in sawing that its promoters had to give it up. Thus has the mother country always encouraged home industries in her colonies. All the taxes formerly collected in the Isle of Pines by the Bank of Spain went to Havana, from whence one-fourth was afterward remitted to the inhabitants. The only dues directly collectable by the authorities were those for slaughtering cattle and selling beef. These taxes no longer exist, as there are practically no cattle left on the island. There was also an export duty of 11/2 cents on each sack of charcoal and 7 cents on a cord of wood. Vast quantities of mangrove and other soft, scrubby wood make this a fine harvest field for the charcoal burner. Last year about 5,000 bales of tobacco, 100 pounds to the bale, were exported from the island and sold in Havana for \$40 the bale. That was an unusual "tobacco year" in Pinos, because many workers came over from Vuelta Abajo to escape the war. They have now returned to their former homes, where conditions are better, and this year the island crop will fall to less than 2,000 bales. But the fact remains that it might grow here, to absolute perfection, if there were anybody to cultivate it. Rich arable land may be bought as low as 50 cents the acre. That hills, where the settler's greatest drawback off the syrup and boil down thick. By this tracts, but in scattered patches among the would be isolation from the world. FANNIE BRIGHAM WARD.

A Typewriters' Union.

Washington Post. "The typewriters of the country are going to get together," said Mr. M. S. the blossom and core. Make a syrup the Kaiser, of Brooklyn. "A movement has same as for peaches. Put in enough pears been set on foot in our city to organize for one can. Cover and cook till just done the Typewriters' Protective League, the ob- and clear. Put them in the can with a silver ject being to better the condition of that large class of industrious men and women hammer the keys for a livelihood. Possibly by the formation of such a union ne real good may be accomplished, and having once pounded a machine, I sympa-thize in the idea. It would be interesting to know just how many thousands of type-writers there are in the United States, but imber would make an army a good bigger than Uncle Sam has in

"It is to be regretted that many of these pread-winners of the keys get such a niserably low salary, but the fault lies their own incompetence and lack of skill. The \$2 per week typewriters cannot spell The \$2 per week typewriters cannot spen or punctuate correctly, and their work is lovenly in every way. Those who are completent to do good work get fair wages, and the experts command high salaries. If the he experts command high salaries. If the left to fall free from the nourishment of the meat. If the stomach of the wearer. To look its not left to fall free from the nourishment of the meat. If the stomach of the invalid is quite weak this extract is not to the front of the skirt. educate the slobs of the craft so that they can command living wages it will have accomplished a great reform."

FOR FEMININE READERS

A PEDESTAL BY HIS WIFE.

The Silk Bodice Still a Favored Artiele of Attire-Ways of Preserving Fruit-To Make Beef Tea.

"It is sad to pity," as Bayard Taylor's old Frenchman said, that the new woman, while ough job of her reconstruction. She has outgeneraled the tyrant man on many a well-fought field, says a writer in the Chicago Post, and now, with banners flying. she is advancing to the capture of his last stronghold. And were it not for a few small, but important, flaws in feminine strategy the enemy ere this might have become as extinct as the dodo. And we have good authority for it that

"The best-laid schemes o' mice and men Gang aft a-gley."

It has certainly been so in this case, for whenever Love makes his appearance before the fortress the white flag of surrender flies from the citadel and my lady marches out, bound hand and foot, and the amazing part is that she glories in being a prisoner. It has been so from the beginning, and since Solomon's day there has been no new thing

There is, however, this modification of general statement: Until her marriage day the maiden wears the victor's wreath on such occasions as boat rides, with ice cream, if it is summer, and concert and theater going if it is winter; but no sooner is the silken noose slipped over her head than all that is changed. If she is very much in love -and she generally is, or thinks she is - she seems to make haste to lay aside her individuality, as if it were something of which she ought to be ashamed. With loving, but inconsistent, enthusiasm she abnegates her former selfhood and it delights her to merge herself into another's personality. She does not exactly stipulate to be "it," but she becomes "him" with an alacrity confusing to logic. And though it may seem the height of absurdity to say so, this fatal facility on the woman's husband is the cause of more estrangements between married people than almost any other thing. It leads to a cheapening of values, and woe to the love that finds it has sold itself without a quid pro quo. It is a loss that is rarely regained. Terrence is puzzled over the change he perceives in his adored Terentia and berates | parently endless, for each season brings himself soundly for what may be, after all,

but a base suspicion. For is she not the same sweet girl whom he so assiduously courted only a few short months ago? And when he comes home to dinner and she meets him with her loving smiles and kisses and calls him her dear ducky darling, of whom she has been thinking every minute of the long day, he feels himself a monster. sciousness he roasts himself on a spiritual duplicate of St. Lawrence's gridiron and in such a variety of charming hues that wonders how Terentia can look at him so as she holds the sugar tongs ready and in her sweetest chirp asks, "One lump or two, of them can possibly content you. Marvels

It was not thus on those blessed and a too seldom Sunday evenings when he had taken tea with her at the paternal board. How regally she bore herself then. With what ravishing hauteur she passed the cup to him, remarking: "You will please help yourself to the sugar, Mr. Scruggs. I never can remember how people take their tea. He liked to be spoken to in that way. He liked to feel, in spite of the fact that he was wiser and stronger than she, that by his own sovereign will he could place her away up aloft, while he sat down below and tended the sacrificial fires. But now when he sees her stepping down from her pedestal and putting him on it he is bewildered and he groans inwardly at his inability to balance then and now. He doesn't know it, but it was an illusion

that enthralled him then, and it is the loss of that illusion which disturbs him now. And it is Terentia herself who has torn away the veil and shown the statue to be of common clay instead of ivory and gold. Mr. Emerson somewhere says that marcouples "should meet every morning as if they had just come from the opposite ends of the world," and that good old New England icicle never said a truer thing. The well-known adage that "familiarity breeds contempt," or, as the Kentucky judge put "too much freedery breeds despise, should be hung up on the same peg with Polonius's advice to Laertes. It would save many a heartbreak were it better heeded.

The "Putting Up" Season.

Philadelphia Record. tempting bargains in the way of fruits to the city housewives, and peaches, pears and different vegetables are clamoring for the farmers' wives to can and preserve and pickle before they "go to waste." This is the time, above all others, that we will be glad to have in readiness various recipes and green. Another low mountain called | for the easy preservation of these fruits tired of the usual plain preserves, newer methods of canning will be welcomed by

better for canning. Pare carefully enough peaches for one can. Have enough water to just cover them in your pan or granitea good deal of Cuban money and dropped carefully, the cut side down, the boiling water. Cook moderately keeping them covered, till a silver fork will pass through them easily. Have in another vessel a syrup made of one cupful of granulated sugar and two of water. When the peaches are done, before they have time to cook to pieces, lift them carefully into the can; fill up the can with boiling syrup, shake down and refill until the syrup bubbles out at the top, then screw on the top, tighten as the can cools; and after being sure that the can is perfectly tight, set away in the dark can closet, or wrap in brown paper, to exclude the light. Proceed in the same manner with the other peaches, and when all have been canned, strain the liquor in which they have been boiled; measure and add to every pint of juice a pound of sugar and boil till it

> Peach Marmalade.-Peaches that are too ripe for canning may be made into mar-malade, and if there is difficulty about burning when cooked on top of the stove, baking will obviate the trouble. Peel the ripe peaches, slice finely and weigh. For a pour of fruit allow three-quarters of a pound o granulated sugar. With a masher make hem as fine and smooth as possible. in an earthen jar, cover and bake in the oven like beans. This will take several When the peaches become solid enough to jelly place in tumblers, bowls, jelly cups or anything convenient. Cover

and seal when co.d, the same as jelly. Pickled Peaches.-With a coarse crash towel rub the bloom from the peaches. Stick several cloves in each peach and for twentyfive pounds of fruit use twelve pounds of sugar. Put on the stove in a large graniteware or porcelain kettle five pints of vinegar and a handful of stick cinnamon; as it becomes hot gradually stir in the sugar. When the sugar is all dissolved and the syrup is boiling hot put in the peaches, a few at a time. Cook until done and skim out in a three-gallon jar. When all are cooked boil the syrup down a little and pour over the peaches, placing a saucer on them to keep time the peaches will have shrunken so that they will go in a two-gallon jar. Pour the hot syrup over them, put on a plate and tie paper over the jar. They will keep until

peaches come again. Canned Pears.-These, the same peaches, are better not too ripe for canning. Peel them, halve carefully, and take out fork, being careful not to break the halves. Place a small tea strainer on top of the can and fill with the hot syrup. Give it a shake to settle and exclude the gas, refill and seaf. The small seckel pear may be canned whole, simply peeling and taking out the blossom. Spiced Pears.—Peel, cut in half and core twelve pounds of pears. Take three pints of cider vinegar, a handful each of stick cinnamon and whole cloves and five pounds of sugar. Put the pears in this syrup, cook

till done and can while hot. Methods of Making Beef Tea.

Sally Joy White, in Home Companion. The first of the methods here given makes the invalid is quite weak this extract is not given in its full strength, but it is diluted with hot water until it is of the strength de
There has been a noticeable absence or fuss about the work of driving these great to the fusion to the skirt.

There has been a noticeable absence or fuss about the work of driving these great to the fusion to the soil of the busiest spot in the world, but the British engineers have in the world, but the British engineers have in the world, but the British engineers have in the world but the work thus a supposed them to be friends of his, in the world but the work of driving these great the guilletes person who fuss about the work of driving these great to the fusion to the soil of the busiest spot in the world, but the British engineers have in the world but the work of driving these great to the fusion to the soil of the busiest spot in the world, but the British engineers have in the world but the work of driving these great to the soil of the busiest spot in the world, but the British engineers have in the world but the work of driving these great to the soil of the busiest spot in the world but the work of driving these great to the guilletes person who takes everything literally. There has been a noticeable absence or the work of driving these great to the work of driving the work of driving these great to the work of driving these great to the work

ness. Indeed, the tenderer the meat is the less juicy it will be found. The lower part of ound is usually found to be the for beef tea. It must be absolutely free able. Cut the beef into quarter-inch, diceso that the glass will not be on the hot bottom of the kettle, as it would almost to a Set the kettle over the fire and it gradually. When it comes to a boil keep it gently simmering for several hours, until pieces of India rubber, all the juice extracted. Then strain out the juice, press it all out from the pieces of meat, and season to the taste with salt. To make the tea leces, season with a saltspoonful of salt, hour. Pour off the juice, and heat, but do not boil it. Serve it immediately without the juice has been poured off the first time by adding one cupful of cold water to it and letting it stand for a couple of hours, then strain off the water, pressing the meat to get out all the juice, heat it, and you will have a very palatable cup of tea a little less strong than the first, but good notwith-

A Furniture Polish.

New York Commercial Advertiser. An excellent cleaner and polisher for furniture with a very high finish is recommended by an experienced dealer in rare woods. To one tablespoonful of linseed oil add an equal proportion of turpentine, together with a piece of any pure soap the size of a wal-Pour this into a vessel containing one quart of boiling water, and let the whole boil for about ten minutes, stirring it occasionally, so that it may be well mixed. This liquid can be used either warm or cold, but experience teaches that it is more effective soft flannel cloth, well wrung out, to a small portion of the surface to be cleaned. After the dirt has been well wiped off take a fresh flannel to polish with, and a few minutes' vigorous rubbing will soon restore the wood to its original brilliancy

the furniture shops. But it is well to recarefully wiped off with a soft cloth, keeping the surfaces perfectly clean, so that the aid of the oil is only called in to take off the cloudy appearance which will at times disngure the most carefully tended furniture.

The Perennial Silk Waist.

Philadelphia North American. Every few months we are told that the days of the silk bodice are numbered. They may be, but fortunately the series is apwith it its own distinctive models, which year the glass cases which form the temporary abiding places of the new waists blossom like the rose. They are so fresh and crisp, they have such a multitude of engaging little beautifying devices and are you feel that nothing less than half a dozen of ingenious needle work are lavished upon them. They are pattered with rows upon rows of machine stitching in white, selfcolors or the shades of the garnitures. There are countless kinds of narrow slik braids in dainty designs of all black, all white and black and white figurings, which are applied to the bodices in effective waves, scrolls and swirls. Beauing in silk the and is used to separate clusters of plait-

ings and tucks. Tucks, by the way, are as lavishly used as ever, but this autumn they are so narrow as to be a mere ridge which holds the stitching. The tiny fringes called Tom Thumb fringes have gained in favor since their first Bands of silk, stitched in place just as the cloth strappings are on cloth gowns, are new and of undoubted smartness. For general wear the waists composed of narrow close together, are in the ascendency. These come in blue of several dark, but bright, shades, black, white, gray and the different violets. Dressier walsts turn back from plastrons with revers, or they are cut round in the neck, have a shallow yoke and high collar of white or the self-color, and are fastened on the left side.

Poppy red taffeta forms a bodice that becoming to blondes and brunettes alike. It is a mass of fine perpendicular tucks stitched with white. At intervals of about hree inches, the tucks are traversed, back and front, by half-inch bands of the silk, also stitched in white and put on diagonally. The fastening is at the side under a pointed edge that is finished with a row of smooth. tlat gilt buttons. The collar, a high one, of course, is of black velvet, with red straps. Another waist of a delightful cherry color shows how cleverly the changes may be rung on machine stitching. It is in white again this time, and consists of diamonds formed by parallel rows of chain stitching. These run across the waist back and front and break up the solid red surface admirably. The same design is followed in pale olue, with stitching of a deeper shade. Of course, there are all white waists without end, apparently. In them the fine stitchery shows to great advantage. It would take too long to try to describe any of them minutily but there are a few delightful caprices that must be mentioned.

One, for instance, has the line of the yoke clustered tucks stitched with orange. while three rows of narrow orange velvet ribbon outline the round-cut neck and the fastening at the side. Lattices of chenille in pale blue, gray or orange make decorawaists. The black waists are quite as elaborate as the white ones, and are ornamented with the same complicated tuckings. Handsome ones are inlaid with insertions iceable ones have the narrow box plaits. for underneath the Central London there A captivating rose-colored creation has an uncommonly good arrangement of stitched bands in a deeper shade, set in with beading and ingeniously interlaced at the ends. The square collar is of horizontal tucks, which stop about two inches from the edge, making a skimp frill that is bordered with a band of the deeper tint. On a bodice art of striped in white and pastel blue there are ized. novel collar and cuffs. They are of sheer boldly patterned embroidery that has folds of plain blue satin runs through the interstices. Effective waists in plain colors have butterflies lightly outlined and fluttering all

over them. So, you see, it is no wonder that the separate silk waists hold their own against all comers, for they combine use and beauty in a greater degree than any other single article of dress that Dame Fashion grants

Bits of Fashion.

Many women of leisure who are skilled in the art of fine embroidery are making satin vest fronts wrought in delicate patterns in shaded silks, to be worn beneath openfronted coats of velvet or cloth finished with satin revers.

The tendency most evident in all that fashion offers is still towards the svelt and clinging effects of the past season, with, however, simpler outlines, less of elaborate decoration and a natural reaction in the matter of cutting up yards and yards of expensive material into frills and furbelows. de cafe or Eton jackets of satin or velvet are frequently seen among pretty autumn evening dresses. Skirts of satin, cloth, or silk are worn with these jackets, and if they are in colors, the silk lining beneath the lace vest matches it. But the collar and folded girdle are of velvet, matching the

The deft intermingling of brilliant colors so widely popular this season is seen to great advantage among the large Russian plaids. Some have wide bars in rich autumn leaf melanges on very dark grounds, while others have medium wide stripes in rather light shades framed with narrow lines on green, gold, blue, olive, ruby, etc. On this ground a pattern in large plaids is outlined by shaggy bars of camel's hair in relief. ome of the huge blanket plaids are on red

Certain tailors of taste and experience in New York continue, in spite of opposition, to make autumn walking dresses of walking length—that is, just escaping the ground all around—declaring that there is really more grace in a well-cut, perfectly hung walk-ing skirt of proper length than in a demi-trained one that must be held up by being awkwardly grasped in one hand. The pre-vailing habit skirt loses all the beauty of its straight, flowing lines when caught up by the wearer. To look its best it should be

garniture, easily applied and endless in its novel and enriching effects, but among other very fashionable decorations are fringes of every style and color, and Parisian manufacturers are sending out fancy plastrons, never fail to seem more original and charm- shoulder and sleeve caps, and epaulets ing than any that have gone before. This formed of fringes. Elegant patterns are made to edge pointed overdresses, and graceful fichu draperies on the bodice are woven in flouncing widths to be draped in graduated rows upon the close clinging sides of handsome princesse overdresses or around the front and sides of dress skirts from below the hips.

DIFFICULT ENGINEERING FEAT. A Subterranean Station Near the Bank of England.

London Correspondence Baltimore Amer-In the heart of underground London

human ants are delving and burrowing in the formation of what in many respects is the most wonderful engineering feat that has yet been undertaken by the Loncolor of the waist plays an important part. | don experts. To say that the engineers are constructing a station to the Central London Railway that is to be called the Bank Station suggests very little that is difficult to the American mind, but when it s known that this railroad station is being constructed in the very midst of one of the most intricate networks of pipes and introduction and appear usually in white drains to be found in any street in the on a color with increasing frequency. world, that the operations are carried on in a tangle of gas pipes, water pipes, pneumatic tubes, hydraulic-power pipes, electric cables, drains, sewers and channels of all lead, iron, pottery, brick, stone, kinds. box plaits-a half inch is the usual width- wood, crossing and interlacing, always unexpectedly like a tangled skein-when it is stated that this work is being done in the very busiest spot in the whole city of London, where the Mansion House, Bank of England, Royal Exchange and other big public buildings face each other, and the scene is unrivaled for the ceaseless whirl of its traffic, some idea can be had of the enormous difficulties in the way of the engineers who are directing the operations. Overhead the busy swirl of London's life goes on while far down the workmen toll, the en gines pounding away night and day to keep up the supply of compressed air, the stoppage of which for a single minute means death to all hands, and the steam excavators digging farther and farther into the earth as the operation proceeds.

When the work was first begun a tem porary shaft was sunk, and as the mass of pipes were met the various companies were called upon to come and identify their prop-When they had done so they were left to make arrangements for the protection of that particular pipe during the further progress of the work. The further down the workmen went, the greater became the wilderness of embarrassments, for underground London at this point is fearfully and wonderfully utilized.

Having disposed of the pipes and drains work was begun on the central space. Cross headings were driven north and south from one side to the other, cutting the area up into sections, and in these headings tempooutlined by squares of tiny tucks running | rary walls were built, which were actually criss-cross, which are set on with a fine three feet in thickness. Temporary work so beading. This dainty work forms an inser- substantial as this is remarkable, but was tion down the sleeve, and edges the front of deemed inevitable, as it was vital to the the bodice. A cream-colored affair has bars success of the enterprise. In fact, floor, the platfeet from the station forms being approached by five elevator shafts of twenty feet in diameter, and one stairway shaft of eighteen feet in clameter, tive lines between clusters of tucks on other | so that, should a break occur overhead there is plenty of room for an omnibus with its horses to take a fall of seventy feet to meet its competitors in the tunnels below. And beyond these tunnels there is still a

> run the tunnels of the City and South London Railway. In sinking the shafts, the London clay was met with at twenty-nine and one- half feet below the surface, and here that nost ingenious engineering device, the greathead shield, had to be used. By this shield the art of tunneling has been almost revolution-

The shields are of the size of the tunnels they have to make, the smaller, for instance, twelve feet eight inches in diameter. and it is seven feet deep. At first sight looks like a big drum standing on its side waiting to be pushed head first as the way for it is cleared. A space at the foot of the shaft is excavated, and in this it is put to gether. The front or cutting head of the drum is a strong castiron ring, divided in pieces, bearing a row of steel knives in short segments, forming a perfectly true cutting edge, and so arranged that they can cut a slightly larger circle than the shield, if necessary. At the back is another ring, made in six segments, bolted together through their

langes, and on each of these segments is a hydraulic ram, each ram with a crosshead designed to bed on the flange of the tunnel rings, which are put in as the shield moves forward, the method being as follows: In the shield is a bulkhead with a heading-out hole, through which the clay is passed as it is dug out in front for a space of about twenty inches deep all around, except for a small ring about two inches thick, which is left for the cutting edge to remove. Before the movement takes place a number of pointed pieces of wood are inserted into the clay horizontally, with their ends resting against the shields, and as the shield moves forward under hydraulic pressure it drives those stakes in front of it, as well as cuts the ring true, the object of the stakes being to break up the clay so as to make the work easier for the laborers. In this way the work goes on, the earth being dug out in front of the shield, passed through it and sent aloft to be carted away, the shield pushed forward into the vacant space and the tunnel built up at the shield's tail. To deal with material with which the rotary principle is useless, Mr. Thomas Thompson designed his "electric excavator," which was here first used. This consists essentially of a dredger ladder, which can be moved vertically, horizontally and longitudinally, and rigidly held down in position on the face of the rock it operates on. This ladder is seventeen feet long, and carries thirty-seven skeleton buckets, each having a bottom and back only. It is run out through the front of the shield, and works from below upward, the truck which carries it being at the back of the shield in the completed tunnel-altogether a won-derfully powerful arrangement of bevels and worms and wire ropes, driven by a hun-dred-ampere motor at 200 volts. By its aid three twenty-inch rings could be put in every shift of ten hours.

approaching completion in the depths of London's throbbing heart.

A GREAT LIBRARY. Method Pursued by the British Museum in the Buying of Books.

from his office as keeper of books in the British Museum, which he had held for nearly fixty years, gave an interesting interview to the News representative. "How do you keep yourself informed as to the books that are in the market?" I asked "We have catalogues from all parts, which we are always perusing. If we see a good thing, we bid for it, just as the public

might. "Well, Panizzi used to have £10,000

"Yes; we always think it our duty not to miss any important book or subject. For example, we have just ordered a collection of Dreyfus volumes." "Can you give me an example of lucky "Oh, yes-let me see-we bid in the open market for some volumes which Coleridge

them cheap-"The ring didn't run you up?" "I suppose they didn't know their value." 'Knowledge is power, indeed. Then, Dr. Garnett, you have gifts, I presume?" 'Certainly-let me think-well-Mr. Palgrave gave us quite a priceless treasure. It ! was a tiny volume containing the first two 'Idylls of the King,' which Tennyson had privately printed. A few copies only, He sent these to a few friends, begging for criticisms. These were so severe that he ing this single volume, in which he has

"Yes: I consider one of our treasures is a copy of a 'History of the Campaign of 1800,' which Colonel Emmett lent to Napoleon at St. Helena. Napoleon annotated this extensively in pencil. After he died Emmett, fearing that the pencil marks might be defaced, traced them in ink. This I got for the trifling sum of 12 guineas. "Surely, it was worth more. I hope the British Museum does not play tricks.' "I think we may say that we always deal most honorably with our customers. Nothe family thought that the volume should come to the museum.

"May I ask how you keep your eye on think we miss much." "Would it be impertinent to ask if you

ian, any librarian, the right of exclusion.

would have no trumpery plays."

THE POPE'S MAIL. How to Address a Letter So that He Must Open It.

the summer and work. "Oh! well," said, "you are not worse off than we in the Vatican. Now that most of the em-"Work!" I exclaimed. "Yes, walk in th Vatican gardens and count the grapes of the Pope's vineyard. "Do you know that every evening the mail brings to the bronze doors of the Vatican an average of twenty thousand for perusal by the officers of State earl the next morning?"

"Much of this work is submitted to him and he should read all the letters addresse regnanti. However, as the whole twenty-four hours of the day would not be suffi-cient for the Pontiff to even glance over them, he only sees what Cardinal Rampolla

ly, those through the diplomatists accredit-ed to the Vatican. Still, the most secure the Pope, Prefect of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition, as any other than the head of the church guilty of opening a

Detroit Free Press.

\$

London News.

Dr. Garnett, who some time since retired

year. My allowance has been a little less.' "It is not so great; you buy many for-

had annotated-extremely valuable-go

noted all the changes. It is, of course, very interesting to compare the two versions."

"Can you give me another instance of a book you have bought?"

He then glanced off into the cataracts of books which the presses of the day are producing, copies of which must be deposited with the keeper. the publishers?" "Oh, we have a copyright department which is always on the lookout. But I don't

think it necessary for the British Museum to give a home to cartloads of trashy novels? Dr. Garnett's genial countenance smiles all over; his eyes gleam through his spectacles; his cheeks are all wrinkles. He ar swers in benign accents: "Do you know, I don't think it is ever wise to give a librar-

You never know. pushed further, for Dr. Garnett was chuckling, doubtless roving in imagination over the tribe of librarians he had known each with a crank, a crochet. He must be right. He gave me some facts.

'Cambridge excluded Wordsworth's 'Excursion' and Scott's 'Guy Mannering.' Bodley—who founded the Bodleian—said he

London Pall Mall Gazette. I met a prelate employed in the Vatican the other day, and in the course of our con-versation began to deplore my hard lot in having to stay in Rome during the heat of

letters and newspapers, to say nothing of telegrams? All the letters have to be opened, sorted and classified, while the newspapers are read, and selections cut or extracts made during the night to be ready "And where does the Pope come in?" interrupted. "They say he also works s

Sanctitati Suae Leoni Papae XIII feliciter thinks necessary for his inspection."
"In other words, he knows only what they really go direct to the Holy Father, name

way of having a letter read by the Pope is to address it as follows: "To his Holiness, document so addressed will be excommuni-"And letters containing Peter's Pence?" I asked, inquiringly, to which I got no answer but an expressive nod.

Purifying Politics.

Several of his neighbors called on him the other evening and talked in this strain:
"We're interested in the purification of local politics. There's too much corruption in some quarters and it has come to point where we must take a stand for our rights and we are convinced that you are the one man in this ward who can properly

that he wanted nothing more to do with them and that the sooner they took their leave the less liability there would be of trouble. A venerable and highly-respected citizen among the number resented this treatment and demanded explanation. "I'll tell you," said the angry host. "You know that I used to live in the northern 45c to 65c part of the State. We had a population largely made up of men who were there to work in the woods or to make their pile out of pine and then get away. They con-

LYERYBODY

trolled at the poils and ran things to suit themselves instead of to serve the best public interests. The permanent residents, land owners and business men, decided to stop this rule of outsiders. The demand of the reformers was for good, clean men, and a big delegation of them came to me, just as you have done, asking me to run for office. "On the stump I took the position that was high time to suppress the professional politician and the rings that bought their offices. I would promise nothing but

nonest service and I would pay no man for his support. I was told to go in, and I did. I worked day and night, and so did the other fellows, with their barrel of money and barrel of Kentucky patriotism. Scores of reformers had fairly demanded that I run, and yet I got but seven votes, three out of my own families. That is the reason that I suspected you, gentlemen.

WHEN THE ERMINE IS DOFFED. How the Royal Ladies of Europe Array Themselves.

New York Commercial Advertiser. The great ladies of Europe are not as Incianapolis fond of good clothes as the average New Yorker, according to one of the world's greatest dressmakers. Queens and princesses sometimes have a fondness for finery but few of them are artistic or original and got them back and destroyed them-keep- | go in for splendor or severity, as the case may be, irrespective of style or beauty. The Princess of Wales, who made her own gowns as a girl and is said to have had her own frocks made over for her own daughters when they were growing girls, dresses very quietly and never adopts extreme fashions. She never wears hats, little bon nets and trim toques being her usual headgear. Through the age of puffed sleeves

she clung to the small ones, and her evening gowns are all made with the old-time corset bodice, the shoulder strap drooping on to the arm. Perhaps this bit of conservatism is due to lovely Alexandria's pardonable pride in her beautiful shoulders. The German Empress is one of the royal ladies who dress a great deal and very badly. She loves colors and rich fabrics, and it is said that twelve dressmakers are kept employed all year round creating eyeblinding costumes for their kaiserin. At certain seasons, when the Empress is preparing for a journey, or when gowns are being made for a series of court festivities, the staff of dressmakers is increased from twelve to forty. This dressy personage has a hundred evening and state dresses made each year; twice as many carriage and visiting costumes, and 150 demi-toilets and house gowns. The sewing machine is an unrooms, everything being made by hand. The unhappy Empress of Russia cares little for dress or display, and when she first came to Russia dressed with severe plicity. The court ladies showed their disapproval of their Czarina's plain attire, so she now orders magnificent robes from Paris as well as St. Peteresburg, and her taste is said to be perfect. Queen Margherita of Italy is extravagant in her dress and has many fads. One is a mania for pearls, of which she has a priceless collection. Another is for fine handkerchiefs. The pride of her collection is a 'kerchief of lace that took three artists twenty years to make. It is so fine that it can be folded up and placed in a gold sheath the size of a bean. Queen Olga of Greece wears blue and white the national colors, almost exclusively. The Queen of Spain dresses very richly, and her

mother, whose preference for simple styles and quiet colors flads no advocate in the young Queen. Mother's Hymns.

clothes are made in Paris. Queen Wilhel-

mina of the Netherlands is fond of fine

feathers, and this is a source of woe to her

Hushed are those lips, their earthly song is While I sit gazing at her armchair vacant, And think of days long past,

The room still echoes with the old-time music, As singing, soft and low, Those grand, sweet hymns, the Christian's con-She rocks her to and fro.

Some that can stir the heart like shouts of tri-Of loud-toned trumpet's call, Bidding the people to bow down before him, "And crown him Lord of all."

And tender notes, filled with melodious rapture That leaned upon His word, Rose in those strains of solemn, deep affection-"I love Thy kingdom, Lord."

Sure that her Lord would always gently lead her, She read her "title clear." Joyful she saw "from Greenland's icy mountains The gospel flag unfuried; And knew by faith "the morning light is break-

Safe hidden in the wondrous "Rock of Ages,"

She hade farewell to fear:

Over a sinful world.

"There is a fountain"-how the tones triumphan Rose in victorious strains-Filled with that precious blood, for all the ran-"Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

Dear saint, in heavenly mansions long since Safe in God's fostering love.

She joins with rapture in the blissful chorus
Of those bright choirs above. There, where no tears are known, no pain,

Safe beyond Jordan's roll, She lives forever with her blessed Jesus, The "Lover of her soul." -Boston Journal.

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